

## WAKE ENDED BY AN EXECUTOR.

Widow Johnson's Mourners  
Sent Away at Mid-  
night.

COUSINS' VAIN PROTEST.

She Inherited a Million and Rela-  
tives Think She Bequeathed  
It to a Church.

PREPARING FOR A CONTEST.

Funeral To-day from the Church on  
Which She Bestowed Much and  
to Which Most of Her  
Wealth May Go.

Mrs. Mary Johnson's body lies in state in the house at the southeast corner of One Hundred and Twenty-eighth street and Madison avenue. She died there at 5 o'clock Wednesday afternoon of heart failure, and there, Thursday night, gathered many friends and relatives, who talked until midnight of her virtues and her wealth. Some had expected to stay longer, but there was a sudden ending to the wake. The house is large and expensively furnished. Few of the kinsfolk had seen its interior often during Mrs. Johnson's occupancy. Most of them are poor, and the smallest estimate of Mrs. Johnson's wealth given yesterday by persons familiar with it was \$700,000.

The body lies in the great back parlor of the four-story house in which she had lived for three years with no other companionship than that of three servants. The back parlor is draped in black, and at one side is a beautiful white altar elaborately lighted and furnished. The candle lighted casket is in front of the altar, and beyond are fifty chairs.

The kinsfolk viewed the body and repeated prayers. Then they went to the dining room in the basement and had supper; after which they assembled in the front parlor and conversed in whispers. All was very quiet and decorous. Near midnight some went away and others went to the dining room for luncheon. Others remained in the improvised chapel with the body.

**Enter the Executor.**  
Daniel Quinlan entered. He is six feet two inches high and weighs nearly 300 pounds. He was a member of the Broadway police squad until that pick of men was sent to other duty. He is now attached to the Bureau of Boiler Inspection and was named by Mrs. Johnson as an executor of her will.

"We're going to close up now," Mr. Quinlan told the mourning kinsfolk. "The undertaker is going to turn down the gas." They gazed at him in astonishment. They could not believe they had heard aright. They protested against being thrust out and having the wake ended. "I'm one of the executors," Mr. Quinlan explained, "and it was Mrs. Johnson's request that everything should be very quiet. Her lawyers, Alexander & Green, have told me to close up the house at midnight, and I'll have to do it." There was none there who would delay long when the big executor told him to go, but all went very reluctantly, protesting. Michael Coughlin, of No. 113 Monroe street, who is a cousin of Mrs. Johnson, was not in the house at the time, having gone out for the purpose of making some purchases. He returned a few minutes after the doors were locked, and spent several hours trying vainly to obtain admittance. He left at 3 o'clock, firmly convinced that efforts were being made to defraud him of an inheritance.

**Will to Be Read To-day.**  
How Mrs. Johnson has disposed of her property will not be known until after the funeral this morning. The kinsfolk hope to learn with disposition she has made of the vast estate, but are firmly convinced that the bulk of it will go to All Saints' Roman Catholic Church, at One Hundred and Twenty-ninth street and Madison avenue. Father John J. Powers, of that church, has been Mrs. Johnson's trusted friend for many years, has received from her princely gifts for good works in his parish, and is said to be in her will as co-executor with Mr. Quinlan.

Lawyer Daniel Whitford, of Alexander & Green, who represents the executors, would not disclose the contents of the will yesterday, but said kinsfolk had been advised to close the house of mourning at midnight, because "it was feared there might be some disturbance, and with no candles burning, there would be danger of fire. Besides that, it was Mrs. Johnson's request that there should not be such a wake as some of her relatives are accustomed to. She wanted everything done quietly and decently, as has been done." Mrs. Johnson was sixty-five years old and the widow of a river pilot, who died thirty years ago. She lived with her brother, Stephen Lovejoy, until his death, three years ago. He accumulated some money dealing in junk, and invested it in real estate in the Seventh Ward. Toward the end of his life he gave up the junk business and occupied himself entirely with real estate. He was killed by falling down the basement stairs at the house at One Hundred and Twenty-eighth street and Madison avenue.

**Murder Was Suspected.**  
Murder was suspected at the time, and to that theory many hold to-day; but suspicion rested on no person, and, motive seeming remote, the authorities agreed in the earlier theory of accident. Stephen Lovejoy had never married, and his only heir was his sister. He had made many promises to other relatives, but, dying without having made a will, none was kept.

The estate consisted of the house, the Crescent Flats, at One Hundred and Twenty-ninth street and Madison avenue, six lots on Riverside Drive, opposite Grant's tomb, three houses at Lexington avenue and One Hundred and Sixth street, Nos. 31 and 33 Market street, Nos. 117, 198, 200 and 202 Madison street, Nos. 115, 117 and 124 Monroe street, Nos. 42, 44, 46 and 48 Rutgers street. All of the East Side land is covered by tenement houses, and is easily productive. Mrs. Johnson gave the house at One Hundred and Twenty-eighth street, Nos. 31 and 33 Market street, to Father Powers. Some of her relatives, renowned for her when they learned of her bequest, and were ordered out of her house.

She had one child, a girl, who died twenty years ago, and her nearest relatives are four or five first cousins. Her father had a brother—John Lovejoy, who is dead. His daughter, Miss Ellen Lovejoy, of No. 122 Nineteenth street, Brooklyn, is the only relative who has been allowed to remain in the house of death. She has a brother, Stephen, supposed to be living out West, but not heard of since 1871. Mrs. Johnson married a Donovan; two daughters survive her in Brooklyn. Mrs. Johnson's mother had no sisters and only one brother, John Coughlin, whose son Michael is the excluded mourner.

**Preparing for a Will Contest.**  
All of these cousins believe they should share in the million accumulated by Stephen Lovejoy and are preparing to contest the will, should it prove to be as they

fear. Back of them are some fifty second cousins, who are also expectant of reminders.

All day yesterday the chapel in the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth street house was thronged with friends and relatives who remained until midnight, when, as on Thursday night, the lights were lowered and the doors locked. The funeral service will be held this morning at All Saints' Church, Father Powers officiating, and the interment will be in the Calvary Cemetery lot where Mrs. Johnson erected, at the cost of \$50,000, a monument to the memory of her brother.

**CITY CLUB TAKES A HAND.**

A Committee Presents a Petition to Mayor Strong Requesting Him to Remove Grant and Parker.

A committee from the City Club called on Mayor Strong yesterday and presented a formal petition asking for the removal from office of Police Commissioners Grant and Parker. The delegation consisted of Wheeler H. Peckham, James W. Pryor, John E. Parsons, Arthur Von Briesen and W. Harris Roome.

Mr. Peckham assured the Mayor that there was no doubt of his power to remove the Commissioners, adding that the City Club had made a thorough investigation and was convinced that Grant and Parker had acted in a way which would be legally construed as subversive of the discipline of the police force.

The charge made against the Commissioners in the City Club's petition was based on their course in refusing to vote to put Chief Conlin on trial for insubordination. It was set forth that Conlin had made the remark that he "didn't like to be made an ass of as a missile to be thrown from one Commissioner to another," and also that he said "the constant bickerings between men who know better not only demoralize the force, but interfere with me in the discharge of my duty." Then, when President Roosevelt called on Chief Conlin for an explanation he refused to make a statement. This the City Club petition set forth, constituted insubordination. "We submit," the petition further read, "that upon this point the case made against the Chief of Police in the charges as presented to the Board of Police Commissioners, it was the clear official duty of each Police Commissioner to cause immediate official inquiry to be made as to the truth of the charges, and that in preventing the making of such inquiry, Commissioners Parker and Grant were guilty of official misconduct, and that the public interest demands that they be forthwith removed from office."

Mr. Briesen remarked that the Mayor would have the whole City Club at his back. "I don't care so much about that," was his reply. "The presence of a large number of gentlemen of your standing in the community has more weight with me than a club or several clubs would have. If it were as easy to have my way in this case as I wish it was the case would soon be settled."

Mayor Strong said later that he had not determined whether he would act on the City Club's charges or not.

**TALE OF A SEAL SACQUE.**

Story of the "House That Jack Built" Outdone in the Recovery of the Remarkable Garment.

The complicated tale of the "House That Jack Built" was rather outdone yesterday in the Centre Street Police Court by a story relating to a \$800 seal skin sacque. It was unfolded to Magistrate Wentworth, and ran something like this:

**This is the stolen seal skin sacque.**  
There are the Detectives, Daly and Charton, who recovered the stolen seal skin sacque.

**This is Samuel Friedman, a well-dressed man, who was seeking a valuation for the costly article when found by the detectives, who recovered the stolen seal skin sacque.**

**This is George Weser, a wealthy piano manufacturer of No. 107 West Forty-third street, who commissioned Friedman to get the valuation, which aroused the suspicion of the detectives, who recovered the stolen seal skin sacque.**

**This is Samuel Herman, of No. 11 Essex street, who wanted to trade the sacque for a piano, and took it to Weser, who commissioned Friedman to do the work, which aroused the suspicion of the detectives, who recovered the stolen seal skin sacque.**

**This is Morris Stein, of Stanton street, who to pay a debt of \$150, offered the coat to Samuel Herman, who tried to trade it to Weser for a piano, who commissioned Friedman to get the valuation, and who aroused the suspicion of the detectives, who recovered the stolen seal skin sacque.**

**This is the unknown border, who, to pay his bill, gave a part of the coat to Stein, who redeemed it at a cost of \$50, and gave it to Herman, who tried to buy a piano from Weser, who commissioned Friedman to do the work, which aroused the suspicion of the detectives, who recovered the stolen seal skin sacque.**

**And this is the paybroker, all for whom, who has the dilemma by neither him, for a lawyer named Edmund Price now demands of his pupils a slice, to repay the firm of Birmingham & Co., who say in October last a thief stole from the his seal skin sacque, which the border unknown gave it to Stein, who blew in the money he borrowed, and who was paid by Friedman to do the work, which aroused the suspicion of the detectives, who recovered the stolen seal skin sacque.**

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## RUDDERLESS, AT THE STORM'S MERCY.

The Schooner Careton Bell  
Had a Perilous  
Voyage.

SAILORSSUFFERED LIKE JOB

Captain Herd, of the Antilla,  
Bravely Tried to Take  
Them in Tow in a Gale.

VESSELS PARTED IN THE NIGHT.

At Last the Bell, Using the Gaff of  
the Foremast to Steer with,  
Reached Nassau, Where  
She Was Repaired.

The little American schooner Careton Bell is anchored in the bay. She arrived yesterday, and never were sailormen happier that a voyage was ended. The seven on board the Careton Bell suffered more than Job of old. But Job could sit safely in the ashes and lament, and these sailors, with bolts, had to work night and day to save themselves from the boiling sea.

Captain Tibbitts, an ancient and hardy mariner, commands the Careton Bell, which is of 132 tons and hails from Boothbay, Me. She sailed from Macorca, Santo Domingo, on January 19 with a cargo of 1,100 bags of sugar and promptly ran into a succession of howling gales. Ten days out the craft, a stanch one, of oak, was in

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